

passed in the middle of a sentence; sometimes in the middle of a word. Often he spoke as if in reply to his own thoughts; and still often, as though his mind were occupied on other matters, and his tongue a mere mechanical agent reflecting consciousnesses, with which his powers of reflection were totally unconnected.

At the door of the Khamal we found knots of visitors talking and smoking; little bands of promenaders from the gardens strolling up and down the colonnade; and in the empty ball-room several gentlemen reading the newspapers of the day.

"But where are the gambling-tables?" asked my friend.

The musician pointed to an open door at the farther end of the apartment, through which several persons were passing and repassing, and whence a boisterous, accompanied by an occasional clicking noise, was distinctly audible.

We entered. The atmosphere was warm and oppressive—the blaze of gas intolerable—the crowd of smokers so great, that for several minutes we could get no further than the door. All were thronging round one long table which almost filled the room, and no one spoke save in low whispers. Presently a slight movement arose near us. A gentleman came out, and Fletcher took advantage of the moment to make a way for us to the front-rank next the table.

The players only were sitting. They were of all ages and both sexes. Some of them had piles of card, which they pricked occasionally with a pin, according to the progress of the game. Many had little piles of gold and silver, rouleaux sealed at either end; and packets of yellow Prussian notes lying beside them. All looked serious and interested; but there were none of those violent emotions of which we read in books, depicted in their countenances. They won and lost with the best-bred composure, and the stakes upon the table varied from half a dollar to twenty gold pieces at a time. Four elderly, respectable-looking men, occupying raised seats at the centre of the table, were the bank-company. One of these dealt the cards—the others paid and received the money. Each pack of cards, as soon as it had been once dealt, was thrown into a well sunk in the table, just in front of the dealer.

The scene was utterly new to me. I looked round from face to face with untiring curiosity, and saw the gold changing hands without in the least comprehending the laws of the game. Opposite to me sat an old lady, very highly rouged, and decked in artificial flowers and false jewelry. She had a cunning eye, and on her lips a fixed smile. I observed that she always won. Next to her a sallow boy leaned forward upon both elbows, now and then hazarding a ten franc piece which he drew from his waistcoat pocket. Further on, a dark handsome man and his wife sat side by side, drawing their stakes from a heap of money between them, and adding to their store with every venture. Just at my elbow I noticed a young and well-dressed woman who watched the cards with affected indifference, putting down a farin every time and losing invariably. Others there whose fortune seemed to fluctuate, but none in whom those fluctuations produced any visible emotion.

I could not help remarking this to my friend. He smiled.

"Your observation," he said, "proves to me that you have never before visited a place of the kind. It is only in novels that ruined gamblers rush wildly from the tables, with distraction in their faces. Here a man will lose his last florin with a smile which looks, at least, sufficiently natural. Your real *habitué* is perfect master of his countenance, and would seem to betray himself, even by a gesture. In fact, he rather seeks to reverse the ordinary course of matters; for he smiles when he loses, and looks indifferent when he wins."

"And what game are they now playing?"

"Roulette or not. Will you hazard a thaler or two?"

"Not I. In the first place, gambling possesses no attraction for me; and in the second, I cannot even fathom the rules by which they play. They all seem to me to do the same thing, and yet how different are the results to each person! What is the reason that—"

"Dash!" interrupted Seabrook, plucking me by the arm and speaking in a hurried whisper. "Look there! My life on it, but this man's a gambler!"

I turned, and saw Fletcher in the act of lifting a couple of silver dollars from the table. His check was flushed, and his eager eye fixed upon the dealer. The old lady opposite staked two gold pieces, and won. A half smile flitted over his lips—he replaced his two dollars on the board—the color proved favorable, and his little capital was instantly doubled. Again he tried, and again he was successful. The next time he ventured all, and with the same result.

Seabrook and I exchanged glances, but we were too much concerned to speak. We stood by, silently observing him; and he, evidently, had lost every recollection of our presence.

Promently a seat became vacant just where he stood. He slipped into it mechanically, as it were; exchanged a glance of recognition with a gentleman sitting on his left, and went on playing.

For a long time we remained there, watching him. His success was not invariably, for he lost once or twice; but he was, on the whole, a considerable winner. At length the weary sameness of the scene, the hot glare, the oppressive silence, and the still more oppressive atmosphere, fatigued and annoyed me. I made a sign to Seabrook, and he followed me from the room; but, as I went, I cast a last glance at the musician, and I saw that his two dollars had by this time multiplied to thirty or forty, among which gleamed some five or six yellow Friedrichs d'or.

Quite silently we went out arm in arm, through the empty ball-room, along the deserted garden walks, and out upon the bridge, where the white moonlight slept upon the river, and where one or two romantic couples were yet lingering to frolic.

Seabrook was the first to speak.

"Upon my soul," said he, gravely, "I am

very sorry for what we have seen to-night—the more so, as I believe this indication to be a recent thing."

"Right!" I echoed. "On the contrary, I should say that it had been the practice of years. See how languid, how nervous, how absent the men are; and what more likely to make him the gambler? Depend upon it, he is well known at all the *Bourses* in Germany!"

My companion shook his head.

"I have seen more of life than you, Paul," said he, "and have studied the 'dimensions, manners, passions, and affections' of mankind more attentively. I repeat that Fletcher has not long been a gambler—nay, more, he is still in his novitiate. Did you not see how his hand shook when he took up his first gains from the table? How his cheek flushed as he proceeded? How terrified he looked when he thought the 'luck' was turning? How, when he was winning, he staked all that he had previously won, without reserving a single piece to carry on the war in case of loss? No habitual player would do this. No habitual player would watch the successful competitors as he does, staking upon their colors, and trusting to their good fortune rather than his own. No, no, *non sens!* A true gambler has strong nerve, impulsive features, self-reliance, and a 'theory' of his own respecting chance, numbers, and colors. Fletcher has none of this; and I dare wager a hundred Napoleons that his initiation into the mysteries of roulette has dated solely from the period of his arrival at *Rouen*."

"But are there no means by which we can save him?"

Seabrook shook his head again.

"I fear not," he replied sadly. "He is nervous, excitable, irritable to the last degree. Besides, what amount of resolution or self-control can you expect from a confirmed opium-eater? His power of control over his own inclinations is already gone—his nervous system is shattered—his mental and physical energy utterly weakened and broken down. The case, I fear, is hopeless; but we must see more of it before we pass judgment. Let us come here again to-morrow evening, and watch the progress of disease—for a disease it unquestionably is. After all, what is gaming but a kind of opium-eating? And who shall say which of the two is the more fatal intoxication?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year in advance, secured in the city by Carrere & C. & Co. a single number. For \$8, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepare the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or from energetic Newsmen.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communication. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST are:

G. F. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt, author of *Richelieu*, Grace Greenwood, Old Dominion, &c. Florence Percy, T. S. Arthur, Martha Russell, Emma Alice Brown, Mrs. M. A. Denison, Author of *Letters from Paris*, Author of *My Last Crisis*, Author of *The Ebony Basket*, &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

A TROUBLE-SOME WORD

ON A TROUBLE-SOME SUBJECT.

We find, upon looking over our account books, that a large amount of money is owing to us by a large number of subscribers. The amount in each case is small, but multiplied by thousands, it swells to a very considerable sum. We would therefore respectfully suggest that it as a favor of those who owe us, that, if not too inconvenient, they will sit down at once and remit the money. If they have laid their bills, or do not remember the exact amount of their indebtedness, they can come near to it as possible, and we will forward a statement of the account as soon as we receive the letter. We dislike to trouble our friends in these columns with pecuniary matters, but, strange to say, not even so good a paper as THE POST can be carried on without money.

Plumage Phenomena.—Peach-eaters may rejoice in the prospect of the crop this year. For example, it was found recently that a square of three miles near Woodville, N. J., would yield 30,000 baskets! Good for epicure.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 261—Adults 67, and children 194.

THE VEIL REMOVED.

Well, the veil at last is removed, and the great majority of the American press find themselves among the millions who have been duped by Louis Napoleon. The amount of simple faith—faith of the very simplest kind—manifested by the editorial fraternity of this country, should go far towards proving that the charge of excessive shrewdness and suspiciousness often brought against our national character, is the veriest slander. For our "able editors," almost universally, have been galvanized by the professions of one whose whole course has been a systematic juggle—who has never hesitated to violate his word or his oath, when his ambitions ends were to be promoted therby.

The Republic was to be maintained inviolate. The Presidency was to be handed unimpaired to his successor, at the end of the term to which he was elected. The Empire was to be Peace. Those who had seen all those promises deliberately violated in the course of a few years, placed perfect faith in the declaration that Italy should be free—"free to the Adriatic!"

The old proverb says, "If a man deserveth once, it is his fault; if twice, it is his own family!"—but Louis Napoleon had deceived again, and again, and again—and yet he found more believers in his last deceit than in his first.

Who shall say that the element of credulity is fading away from human nature? Would that we could find more noble elements in that credulity—would that we could shut our eyes to the fact, that it was because the veil of the false prophet was effervescent over with great success, that he was so foolishly believed in. But the veil is now torn aside—even by his own scoundrel hands; and we can almost hear this false leader say, with Mokanna in the story:

"There, ye wise saints, behold your light, your star! Ye would be dupes and victims—and ye are..."

Do we exaggerate? Here is what this liberator of Italy really does say to his Italian worshippers. It is a passage from his address to the French army:

"Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies, will only have herself to accuse, should she not progress regularly in order and freedom."

"Mistress of her destinies!" Why, the Confederation of Italy,—so far as at present appears—is not even yet formed. Austria has given her consent, for Venetia—the consent of Sardinia, we suppose, may be inferred, as she may now be considered almost a vassal of France—but the Pope may be intractable, and the King of Naples equally so. But, supposing that they should not be—and we do not see why they should—how will the game stand? Here is the list of States which, we suppose, will form

THE ITALIAN CONFEDERACY.

Pio Nono, Pope of Rome, (an absolute monarch,) Honorary President. What "Honorary" President means, we do not know.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Venetia, (most absolute of monarchs.)

Franz II., King of Naples, and the Two Sicilies, (an absolute monarch.)

Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia and Lombardy, (a Liberal, Constitutional monarch.)

Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, (an absolute monarch, an Austrian Archduke and vassal of Austria.)

Francis V., Duke of Modena, (an absolute monarch, an Austrian Archduke and vassal of Austria.)

Louis, Duchess Regent of Parma, during the minority of her son Robert I., (an absolute monarch.)

Now, the vote in any Assembly representing this Confederation, must be according to States, or according to population—or the two elements may be combined, as in our own government. In any case, however, the absolute and Austrian influence would seem to predominate. For the Kingdom of Naples itself, which contains about the same population, we believe, as Sardinia, with Lombardy annexed, would balance the constitutional element—and the rulers of all the other States have absolute tendencies. Moreover, the Pope, who is to be the Executive, it would seem, under the title of "Honorary President," is an absolutist also. Can any genuine representation of the people of Italy be expected in a Confederacy so constituted?

It has been frequently said of the House of Hapsburg, that they were born to good luck. No matter what is the fortune of war, Austria is apt to come out of every contest in a better position than she went in. So it seems in the present case. If the above Confederation is established, the right of the House of Hapsburg to interfere in the affairs of the whole of Italy, seems to be confirmed and strengthened to an extent which it did not even claim before the war. Austria, as the most powerful member of the Confederation, and possessing the sympathies of the other members with one exception, would seem to be placed in a position of pre-eminence in Italy, to which, one year ago, she could never have hoped to attain.

The war then, so far as Italian independence of Austria is concerned, seems to be even worse than a failure. The Italians of Tuscany, Modena and Parma, see themselves commanded to undo their revolutionary work, and quietly receive back again their exiled princes. Sardinia sees herself duped and scorned by the man on whom she had weakly relied. Cavour, mortified and indignant, throws up his office. Louis Napoleon has even disavowed the common forms of courtesy towards Victor Emmanuel. Going into the war at the ally of Sardinia—he seems to have made peace without even the form of a consultation with his ally. In his telegram to the Emperor, he speaks of the Emperor of Austria and "myself"—as if Victor Emmanuel were even too much of a nonentity to show a little decent respect for. He abnegates Lombardy, bounded by the Mincio, to Sardinia, without saying to Lombardy "by your leave." He dictates an unnatural confederacy to the Italians, without consulting, as would appear, a single Italian upon the subject. Truly, in place of a King-*Log*, the Italians find themselves with a King-*Stork*—and thankful indeed may they be, if he and his followers leave them to their old incubus, departing as rapidly as they came. But they are not gone yet. Forty thousand

and, it is said, will remain—to see the provisions of the late treaty duly executed.

Does Louis Napoleon expect that this treaty will be tamely acquiesced in—that Sardinia will quietly take Lombardy, without the fortunes that might protect it—that Lombardy will acquiesce in the sacking off of a portion of her territory, and in her transfer to Sardinia—and that the remainder of Italy, set all alive by the promises of her Liberator that was to be, will now quietly shoulder down into this cut and dried Italian Confederacy? Or does he expect that this is but "the beginning of the end"—that the Italians, headed by Cavour and Garibaldi and Manzini will not quietly acquiesce—and that there will be an opportunity for his strutting in upon the stage, in his other great role of Preserver of Order and Repressor of Anarchy? If so, perhaps there may be even yet a necessity—for "necessity" is said to be "the tyrant's plea"—to organize a new kingdom in Italy, with Prince Napoleon on the throne; and, it may be, to oust the present King of Naples, and give his throne to Prince Murat. This would be to follow in the footsteps of the First Napoleon—a very important thing, it would seem, in the eyes of his nephews.

Has Austria agreed to these plans, in consideration of being allowed, at the proper moment, to swoop down from her four fortresses,

and repossess herself again of Lombardy?

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Or is Prussia to be the next victim of this Moloch, whose "empire to be peace"—and is the French boundary to be again established on the Rhine? Or is the turn of England to come now, and Waterloo to be "avenged;" and have Russia and Austria agreed to stand aside, that this quarrel also may be "localized," as it is termed?

Who knows? We only know that when a man has made up his mind to play falsely, and to sacrifice or serve either friend or enemy, as may best comport with the interests of the moment, there is no plan so wild that he may not adopt it. One thing, however, is certain, in such cases, that sooner or later, he must fail. For, sooner or later, man, or nation of men, will trust him longer.

Ab, even while we write, Italy may be a field of blood. For, with the cry of "Peace" in their ears, all men feel that there is no peace. Nothing is settled—all is unsettled by this war, and this peace. The hour hand on the dial of Destiny, is not to be moved backward and forward at will, even by the most powerful of Emperors. When the hour strikes which, in the orderings of Providence, summons from their high spheres the prophetic angels with their vials of fate and wrath, what human power shall interpose between them and the accomplishment of their purpose?

PICKLES. We owe our pickles correspondent an apology for not having complied sooner with the request made some time since. Next week we will try to give the receipts asked for. We have not been able to find the receipt for "a rod in pickle," but a rod out of pickle doubtless will be just as pleasant.

ALFRED. Cricket is a manly game, promotive of health, strength, and activity. Within the last few years, in these parts, almost all the boys, and not a few of the men, play it regularly. In five or six years more, a young man who cannot play cricket will consider his education neglected. Our people seem to be going at the work of physical development with characteristic ardor. After a while, we expect to see fewer young men riding in buggies behind their horses, and a greater number placed like men upon their backs. It will take time for a change in these respects, for we are getting so abominably intellectual and spiritual in this part of the land, that we had almost thought of dismissing our bodies altogether as useless and degrading incumbrances—forgetting that what God has joined, should not be rashly put asunder.

HEALTH. We do not know that the law forbids the keeping of pigs in towns and cities, but we know it ought to. It should be a part

of a boy talking to his mother—in such a fashion as this?

"I have thought a great deal on this subject lately, dear mother, and even from my small experience I should judge that a self-educated man must have a better knowledge of men and things in general, and business matters in particular, than one who is immersed within the walls of a college for half a score of the best years of his life, stepping the same tread-mill of academic routine that our grandfathers trod, when they were sleepily-crowned hats and the periwig—sitting at the feet of so many Gamaliels who are little better than learned asses in the great game of life, etc." P. 14.

We fancy we hear the yell of derision with which the newboys would receive a companion who expressed himself in this stiltified style! What satirical howls—what cries of "O-h g-a-s," and "dry up," and "stop yer blowin'"—what hustling and cuffing and jeering would greet the young Euphist, and announce that a reform of his rhetoric was considered desirable! Of course the fact that the magniloquent newboy in this case is represented as the son of a family that had seen better days, does not at all justify his extraordinary elegance of speech, for when you become a newboy you necessarily talk as the newboys do. Nor is the "high family" any justification for the magniloquent newboy's mother holding forth in the same style, as in this specimen:—

"I know, Hartley," said his mother, "that a self-educated man, when gifted with that subtle thing called genius, can taste ambrosia here, sip nectar there, and drink deep of empyreal springs of knowledge, fresh from the heart of nature, etc." P. 15.

This is what is called "talking like a book," but not, we fear, like a book that sensible people wish to hear talk.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has much good reading, and some that is "better than good," as for example, a fine poem, by Longfellow, in which the old fable of the Titan Enceladus struggling under the load of Etna, which the victorious gods have piled upon him, is made sublimely significant of Italy, prostrate under the mountain weight of despotism, and convulsing earth with the throes of the effort for freedom. Here it is:—

ENCELADUS.

Under Mount Etna he lies;
It is shelter, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air!

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down!

See, see! the red light shines!
Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

A MATRIMONIAL AFFAIR IN NEW ORLEANS.—About six or eight months ago, Miss B., a handsome and accomplished young lady of the Third District, was engaged to be married to Mr. P., a young man of wealth and aristocratic family. The day arrived and a large number of guests assembled, but hour after hour passed away, and the bridegroom came not.

The officiating clergymen, the bridesmaids, the musicians, and the magnificent "spread" of estates and dainties were all ready, and all vainly awaited the arrival of the person whose presence was indispensable to the completion of the festival. Finally a messenger arrived with the information that Mr. P. (who, by the way, was a minor,) was in durance vile; that his father had not only forbidden the bands, but had the candidate for matrimony under lock and key at that very moment, he (the elder Mr. P.) being unwilling that his son (he should marry at a tender age, and also unwilling to consent to an alliance with the B.'s.

The elder Mr. P. soon discovered that to simly look his son up on the day the latter had set apart for his wedding, was not altogether a certain method for preventing the wedding, and therefore tramped up an errand for him to the City of Mexico. The junior Mr. P. arrived two or three weeks ago, having, in the meantime, attained his majority, and at once claimed the fulfillment of a promise made by his sire before his departure, that upon his return no opposition should be urged to his union with Miss B., in case he should still desire it, after an absence of six months. The old gentleman acquiesced, and the dwelling of Mrs. B. was again the scene of preparations for a grand wed-

A few days before the time fixed for the marriage, Miss B. went out under pretence of shopping and came back no more. Where had she gone? What had become of her? The mother and lover were distraught, and made frantic but fruitless efforts to discover whither the bird had flown. It was suspected that a young man of the neighbourhood, who had long been a passionate admirer of Miss B., was in the secret of her disappearance, and her two brothers very soon discovered that she was quietly living in his home. The mother speedily confronted the young man, and demanded her daughter. "Your daughter is at my house, madame," was the reply, "and she is my lawful wife. I have been your son-in-law ever since the 1st of last April." They had, it seems, married privately, and through a desire on her part to realize the practical joke of the P. family, had not assumed the relations of husband and wife until the opportunity for carrying out her plan presented itself.

\$20,500 FROM PINE'S PEAK.—St. Louis, July 20.—A special despatch to the Democratic says that three men have arrived at St. Joseph's, bringing \$12,500 in gold dust. These parties are said to have disposed of \$8000 worth at Omaha, making a total of \$20,500 from the Kansas mines.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ASPIRING INTELLIGENCE—A DISAPPOINTED CAPITAL—RUMORS OF COMING TROUBLES—FIRE IDEAS—THE NEW MAP OF ITALY—A MAN WHO KEEPS HIS OWN COURSE—THE HORROR OF WAR—SWISS RIFLES.

Paris, July 14, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:
The most devoted adherents of the *sil adiari* principle must admit that the singular man, now playing so conspicuous a part in the world, has contrived to give a turn to the kaleidoscope such as no one could have looked for, and such as has filled every one with astonishment. Looking forward, as all were doing, to a long continuance of the horrible struggle then pending, and a possible extension of the miseries of war to other parts of Europe, it is not without a dreamy sort of half-doubt of the fact that the storm of contest has died away, and that a Treaty of Peace has been signed by the two Emperors, that I now take up my pen to chronicle the progress of events during the last eight days.

While Europe was yet ringing with the news of Solferino, the retreat of the defeated Austrians still nearer to the confines of Venetia, the investment of Peschiera, by the Sardinians, and the arrival at the seat of war of the new *corps d'armes* under Prince Napoleon, and speculating on the probable consequences of these events, on the new army the young Austrian Kaiser was believed to be raising, and on the possible action of Prussia under the alarm of this new success of the French, the tide of speculation was suddenly taken aback by the unexpected tidings, received here on the 8th inst., that an armistice of five weeks had been agreed upon by the rival Emperors on the previous day: and that the two Imperial antagonists were to meet at Villa Franca, the headquarters of Francis-Joseph, on the 10th.

What could be the meaning of such a pause in the course of victory, proposed, too, as we had begun to learn by the floating rumors that always precede the arrival of more authoritative intelligence, by the successful general? And just as we had made up our minds that such a step on the part of that inexplicable personage could only be preparatory to an arrangement of the quarrel, probably by diplomatic means, we, of this excitable and reverberating city were, on the 11th, startled out of our incubations on the doings of the future Congress that was to put an end to this murderous war, by the thundering forth of a peal of 101 by the canons of the Invalides, which peal, as was speedily ascertained from one end of the city to the other, was fired on reception of the intelligence that, at the interview of the preceding day, the two Emperors had actually signed a treaty of peace! It was not, however, until it was ascertained that the telegraphic despatch conveying this astonishing information was actually posted up at the Exchange, that the public could begin to believe the news to be true.

The despatch in question is thus worded:—
"VALLERO, 11th.
"The Emperor to the Empress:
"Peace has been signed between the Empress of Austria and myself.
"The bases agreed to are:
"An Italian Confederation under the honorary Presidency of the Pope."
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THE WEE BIT BIRDIE!

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

There was a little maiden
Walked at her father's side,
All through the shaded meadows,
In the cool of evneetide.

He called her his wee bit birdie,
For, as they went along,
To him her chatter sounded
More sweet than any song.

And the blushing stars, and the stillness,
And the amber-swimming West,
Filled with wonder and feeling
The wee bit birdie's breast.

And she prattled a hundred fancies,
Child-like, quaint, and fair—
She longed to be the thistle-down,
And still the evening air;

And watch, from the midway other,
The deep-green earth grew dim;
Then follow the sinking sun, to break
In some brightening East with him.

Or, in an ancient forest
To live as a Faerie Queen,
And be served by myriad sportive sprites
In silver sun and sheen;

And the never-fading flowers to wear
That grow by the Faerie walls,
And over the Faerie lakes to glide,
To the chiming of unseen bells;

And to speak, and a palace fair should stand
Where the wood-grass whistled wild,
Porphyry arches, and carven pearl,
Over crystal pillars piled.

Once again he walked the meadows,
In the gloaming's golden grey,
But not the wee bit birdie came
That day—whitened way.

For we suffer a will we do not ken,
And the kind mysterious Powers
Had changed those child-like dreams to fact,
In a higher sense than ours.

And her pulsing stream of soul had run
To its main-like home afar,
Beyond the light of the farthest sun
And highest-hanging star.

And pure blooms the wee bird wore
Than in Faerie world ever blos,
And a brighter than Faerie crown she bore,
And a sweeter life she knew.

HOP VILLA.

I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years; and so long ago we were class-mates and sworn chums. In the interim, I had been knocked about, the very shuttlecock of fortune, until at last the capricious dame gave me the means of coming home—that is, to England—with the prospect of ending my days there. I said I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years, and yet when he and I accidentally met each other “on Change,” soon after my arrival, there was enough of the old face left for me to recognize it.

“You are Luke Swinton,” I said, and held out my hand.

“And you are—” He looked inquiringly, and his pale, slowly extended, touched mine with a doubtful clasp, till I filled up the silence:

“James Ashburton.”

No want of cordiality when these words fell on his ear. “To think I did not know you,” said he. “But thirty years make many changes, and yours has been a roving life, by all accounts. You shall tell me everything by and by.”

I shook my head. “Mine would be too long a story in detail; but you may fill it up from the outline. I was away poor; I have not returned rich, though with enough to supply a bachelor’s wants.”

“I am sorry you are a bachelor, my dear fellow,” said my old mate, eyeing me compassionately. “But there is a bright side to everything, and you can go home with me to dinner without its being necessary to ask permission; moreover, you can give orders for your baggage to be forwarded to Hop Villa—my little place out of town—without fear that your half will lodge a detainer. Depend on it, I shall not soon part with you.”

“And can you really give such an invitation without the cognizance of the lady that owns you? Oh, happy Benedict!” continued I, laughing; “tell me where I may find such a partner, and I will forthwith join your fraternity.”

“Don’t talk rashly, James; but rather make all the preparations you need for a long visit, and join me two hours hence.”

He named the place of meeting. Both were punctual, and we duly arrived at Hop Villa. I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and its extent as far exceeded my anticipations as did its beauty. “So this is your home?” I asked, my face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

“Yes, all is really mine these boundaries enclose. I see you wonder how it came to be so; but I do not like to begin a long story before dinner, so be patient a while longer.”

We were near the house when we came upon the gardener, who was examining the withered remains of an old hop-vine.

“Is it quite dead, Scott?” asked my friend.

“Quite, sir. Shall I remove it?”

“I suppose you must; but I feel sorry to give the order. Remember, you procure and plant another in its place immediately. I must not have Hop Villa without one vine.”

“I have been wondering,” said I, “what induced you to give the charming place the name it bears—if, indeed, you acted as its sponsor.”

“Ah! thereby hangs a—or rather the—tale; but wait till after dinner.”

I must say I felt very inferior, in comparison with my friend, when I saw the joyous greetings he received from a handsome matron, and half-a-dozen boys and girls, varying in age from six to eighteen. In spite of his mock-anglo-saxon expression of face, when he informed me that those formed only a portion of his “responsibilities,” for our olive branch was at

college, and the youngish tenants of his household vines would come in with the dinner, one might see that Mr. Oldbake deserved the name. It was pleasant to receive a sort of selected edition of all their comeliness, and I felt my heart warm in return, though I knew their welcome was for Luke’s sake, not from personal friendship towards me.

“Scott is just grubbing up the old hop vine, Nelly,” said my friend to his wife.

This remark called forth quite a chorus of regretful expressions, and made me ask for information as to the cause of such universal interest.

“Patience, James,” said Swinton; and “Dinner,” said a servant at the same moment: so I was fain to march my hostess to the dining-room, and endure uncomplainingly several jocose remarks on the subject of “hope,” which were evidently generally understood, though I could not comprehend their meaning.

“Much as I admired my host’s charming family, I felt glad when he and I had the dining-room to ourselves, with a prospect of an uninterrupted chat.

“My wife was a very fall-in-love-with-some person, seven-and-twenty years ago,” said Luke, after the door had closed upon that lady.

“You need not tell me what she was, old fellow,” I replied; “she is charming still; and I would soon let her know my opinion, if she were a widow.”

“Thank you. I have no wish to test your sincerity in the mode you so feelingly hint at. But take my word for it, in those bygone days, Nelly would have been hard to match. I was intended for the church, as you are aware, and went to college with that profession in view; but during my very first vacation, I met Nelly at a Christmas-party, and she changed everything.”

“Did Nelly object to persons, then?”

“No; but her father did. The old man was very rich, and had amassed his wealth by trade; so he was determined to have a merchant, and no other, for a son-in-law. Nelly was dutiful—though she owned her regard for me—and would enter into no engagement unsanctioned by her father. So the end of it was, that I never went back to Cambridge, but entered the old merchant’s office as a clerk.”

“Did Nelly object to persons, then?”

“Stop, and let me finish. Don’t be rude, and spoil my story: I’m nearly done. When I had parted with my last parcel of hope, and found myself the possessor of twelve instead of three thousand pounds, I marched boldly into old Stanley’s office. ‘I want to speak to you about the partnership you were good enough to propose,’ said I.

“So you think of trusting your fortune in the concern?”

“I took no notice of the implied taunt, but merely answered: ‘Not exactly the amount at first proposed.’

“I quite enjoyed the misunderstanding, for I saw he thought I only wished to venture a part of my cash, since he told me very coldly I had better retain the whole, as he should object to having anything to do with such a trifling master.”

“You are under a mistake, Mr. Stanley,” I answered. “I wish to add a larger, not a smaller, amount to the capital of the firm. I have nine thousand pounds, the result of my first mercantile venture, to add to the three I possessed a short time back; and then I told him all. I wish you could have seen the old fellow’s face. It was not the money he cared for, after all, but the fact of my having proved myself wide awake. He said—and he could not imagine a greater compliment—‘Swinton, you deserve to be my son-in-law.’ I went home with him that day, and after dinner, when Nelly—she had no mother—was going to withdraw, he said: ‘Take Swinton with you, and fix the wedding day.’ And so she did, like a dear, dutiful daughter, as she always was. Old Stanley behaved very handsomely. This pretty home of ours was his wedding present, and cost more than all my fortune. I need not say now why it is called Hop Villa; and when I tell you that the old vine we lamented the death of, to-day, is a veritable sign of the one which laid the foundation of my happiness, you will not wonder at our regret at losing it.”

“Just one question more before we join the ladies, Swinton. Was this your only gambling transaction?”

“Really and truly yes. Remember, I ran the risk of losing money to win a home and a bride; and having gained them, would I endanger them for money only, think you?”

“True; you need not enlarge upon it. Now, let us go to the mistress of Hop Villa.”

A PLEASURE IN POLITENESS.—The now retired John B., once senior partner of the respectable firm of B. & Co., of a well-known city, during his business career was unfortunate enough to sell a considerable amount to one Jones, on time, of course. Now Jones was an exceedingly polite man; in fact, as it afterwards proved, that weakness was about the only capital he ever did have. Shortly after the purchase, Jones failed, in the direst sense of the term, showing nothing to satisfy his creditors, among whom was Mr. B.—afforded. Notwithstanding Jones’s misfortune, he continued the use of his favorite weapon—extorting Mr. B.—as often as they met with all the airs of a Brummel. When Mr. B. could endure this no longer, he met Jones one day, and taking him by the button-hole, said,

“Jones, you owe me a large sum, and your politeness annoys me. Walk into my counting-house, and I will give you a receipt in full on condition that you never speak to me again.”

Imagine B.—’s feelings when Jones struck the old attitude—hat extended in the left hand, right hand on his heart—saying, “Couldn’t think of it, Mr. B.—I would not forgive that pleasure for four times the amount!”

“B.—returned Pike’s Peak wagon passed our office a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: ‘Pike—ask no questions.’ That told the whole story, as well as it could be told in half an hour, and saved the time of the travellers, who felt that they had already wasted too much.—Dr. Meiss’ Custer.

“Then, you think,” said I, “the crop will be spoiled?”

“Not a bit of doubt of that air.”

“That will do; thank you. I felt anxious to know what had spoiled my vines so suddenly.”

“The man returned to his work, and I, never waiting for dinner, hurried back to town, to purchase every pocket of hope I could lay hold on. It was a desperate game, for I risked every farthing I possessed, for no more. Hope were then particularly chearful; for the preceding year had been one of remarkable plenty, and a few hours before I began to buy there was as good a prospect for the coming season. Thanks to my being ‘all eyes,’ I was first in the field. I made no confidants—I did not even tell Nelly what I was doing. When old Stanley alluded to the partnership, I quietly requested permission to re-consider the matter. His face told that he deemed me a fool, for his offer was certainly a thing to jump at, and he informed Nelly in my presence, and with a perceptible sneer, that I was considering whether a partnership with him would or would not be advisable. The dear girl herself seemed almost hurt about it; but I whispered to her that she must trust me entirely, and she said no more. Nelly had wonderful faith in my infallibility then. It would have been a great comfort to me to tell her all about that venture of mine, for I grew quite haggard with keeping it to myself. And how I watched that solitary plant! If I saw the least signs of amendment in its appearance, I trembled; and the more the leaves dropped, the more did my spirits rise. I was like a fellow by the sick bed of one from whom he expects a rich legacy. You see I embarked not only my cash, but all my future prospects in this venture. If I lost the money, I knew I should be sure to lose Nelly also. The successful speculator is feted as a shrewd man, and his fellows talk of his talent for business; the unlucky one is stigmatized as a gambler and a madman.”

“Ha! silence in court! Here comes the magistrate. That kind-looking middle aged gentleman, who takes his place in the centre of the bench, is Mr. Oldbake. Supporting him, on his right and left, sit two city justices. Below them, at the head of the table, where the attorneys who defend prisoners are assembling, sits their clerk, hotly besieged by a crowd of men, women, and children, more or less bruised and battered, who are applying for warrants and summonses. One by one the applicants come forward, and state their grievances. The first wants a warrant against her husband, for breaking her arm with a poker. The next demands a summons against John Smith, for kicking him (the speaker’s) little boy down stairs. The next seeks to take criminal proceedings against Anne Jones, for “using her shamefully,” and is followed by Anne herself in the flesh (and very fleshly she is), who makes a counter-charge. Then it is recounted how Mary McDowell “up and shied” a quart pewter pot at Julia O’Shothessey’s head, and cut her cheek open to the bone, merely because the “young man” of the said Mary offered to treat her (the said Julia) to a glass of whiskey. These affretries are listened to quietly, as though they were ordinary matters of course. Miss McDowell and her “young man” are taken into custody there and then; warrants are granted for the apprehension of such others of his assailants as the policeman can catch; and the court, after having disposed of the “night charges”—that is to say, sending a miserable homeless urchin to prison for eight days for sleeping in a shed, and finding two rapid young gentlemen five shillings each, for being drunk and disorderly—proceeds to hear the cases of felony committed since yesterday morning.”

“I see it all now,” interrupted I; “you—”

“Stop, and let me finish. Don’t be rude, and spoil my story: I’m nearly done. When I had parted with my last parcel of hope, and found myself the possessor of twelve instead of three thousand pounds, I marched boldly into old Stanley’s office. ‘I want to speak to you about the partnership you were good enough to propose,’ said I.

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“Jones—laugh—attendingtoyourair.”

“Very well—but don’t interrupt me.”

“Now—now—laugh.”

“Now, how long before you felt this tug at your pocket did you know that you had your purse?” asks Mr. Oldbake.

“Anything known about this boy?” asks Mr. Oldbake.

“No, sir,” replies the superintendent, “nothing.”

“Has the purse been found?”

“No, sir,” replies a policeman, entering the witness box. “I took the prisoner into custody—he had been caught by the prosecutor. I took him to the station, where he was searched.

I found on him the piece of string, the knife, the half apple, and the twopence halfpenny in copper, which I now produce,” and the man in blue laid these articles upon the ledge before him, with the air of one who has just solved a great problem.

“Hum—m,” replies Mr. Oldbake, putting down his pen, and settling his spectacles, “now, Mister—” referring to his note-book—“Mister Brown, attend to me.”

“Yours—laugh—attendingtoyourair.”

“Very well—but don’t interrupt me.”

“Now—now—laugh.”

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MY PSALM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest wood and tare;
The mazza dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall set its image given:

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden hues
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong!

The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build to destroy;
Not less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told:

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His charting turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overcast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—“Atlantic” for August.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet street with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. Who could sit upon anything in Fleet street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down?

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilage of timid women (mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tiles to the opposite shore. Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honor of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him towards the execution of this benevolent purpose, that he recruited his finances as just now observed.

Time was, when a post sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place, but not being a post, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs. Cruncher must have been “fapping” in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet street westward, attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

“Young Jerry,” said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, “it's a buryn’.”

“Hoorear, father!” cried Young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill, that he watched his opportunity, and snatched the young gentleman on the sly.

“What dy's mean? What are you hoorear-ing at? What do you want to convey to your own father, you young Riff? This boy is a getting too many for me!” said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. “Him and his heares! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. Dy's heur!”

“I warn't doing no harm,” Young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

“Drop it, then,” said Mr. Cruncher; “I won't have none of your no heares. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd.”

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out: “Yah! Spies! Tis! Yah! Spies!” with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

“What is it, brother? What's it about?”

“I don't know,” said the man. “Spies! Yah! Tis! Spies!”

He asked another man. “Who is it?”

“I don't know,” returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising loudness and with the greatest ardor, “Spies! Yah! Tis! Spies!”

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, stumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

“Was he a spy?” asked Mr. Cruncher.

“Old Bailey spy,” returned his informant.

“Yah! Tis! Yah! Old Bailey Spies!”

“Why, to be sure!” exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted. “I've seen him. Dead, is he?”

“Dead as mutton,” returned the other, “and can't be too dead. ‘Haven't ‘em out, there! Spies! Fall ‘em out, there! Spies!”

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have ‘em out, and to pull ‘em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach doors, the one mourner scuttled out of himself and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scurrying away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hairband, white pocket-handkerchief, and other symbolical teats.

These, the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestion being much needed, this suggestion was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by the exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

“And mind you,” said Mr. Cruncher. “No games to-morrow! If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in providing a joint of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you, if you don't. I'm your Rome, you know it.”

Then he began grumbling again:

“With your flying into the face of your own wits and drink! I don't know how scarce you mayn't make the wits and drink here, by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your boy! he's your'n, ain't he? He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out!”

This touched young Jerry on a tender place;

who assured his mother to perform her first duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected,

above all things to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affectingly and delicately indicated by his other parent.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a lock-cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a cobar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Dispatching these articles about him in a skillful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a faint

undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study

the art and mystery of his father's honest calling,

to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and

not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honoring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You have no more natural sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames river has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you.”

The alteration was conducted in a low tone of voice, and terminated in the honest tradesman's kicking off his clay-soiled boots, and lying down at his length on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing

sports, but had remained behind in the church-

yard, to confer and condole with the under-

akers. The place had a soothing influence on

him. He prepared a pipe from a neighboring public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and musingly considering the spot.

“Jerry,” said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophizing himself in his usual way, “you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young ‘un and a straight made ‘un.”

Having smoked his pipe out, and ruminated a little longer, he turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose, as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—on his way back.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported No job in his absence. The bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home.

“Now, I tell you where it is!” said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. “It is a honest tradesman, my venture goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been pray-ing again me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it.”

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shrank her head.

“Why, you're at it above my face!” said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

“I am saying nothing.”

“Well then; don't meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether.”

“Yes, Jerry.”

“Yes, Jerry,” repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. “Ant! It is yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say yes, Jerry.”

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these sulky corroborations, but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

“You and your yes, Jerry,” said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his cancer. “Ah! I think so. I believe so.”

“You are going out to night?” asked his decent wife, when he took another bite.

“Yes, I am.”

“May I go with you, father?” asked his son, briskly.

“Na, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a fishing.”

“Your fishing rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?”

“Never you mind.”

“Shall you bring any fish home, father?”

“If I don't you'll have short commons to-morrow,” returned that gentleman, shaking his head; “that's questions enough for you; I ain't a going out till you've been long a-bed.”

He devolved himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and suddenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view, he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any cause of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoutest person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in this distrust of his wife. It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost.

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A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LOW,"
"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A grave white-haired seneschal came to their table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Johnson was of their company. Upon Gerard's answer, he said:

"The Princess Marie would confer with you, young sir; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp round, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a Princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Gerard, calmly, but coloring a little.

"That will you," was the reply; then he whispered in her ear. "This is my good Princess; but you are my Queen." He added aloud: "Wait for me, I pray you, I will presently return."

"Ay, ay" said Peter, who had just awoken.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the Princess sent for, became "the cynosure of neighboring eyes;" observing which, William Johnson came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations:

"And to think that there was I at your backs, and you saw me not."

"Pardon me, cousin Johnson, I saw you long since," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me?"

"Nay, cousin, it was for you to welcome us to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Sevenbergen. Your servant denied us a seat in your house."

"The idiot!"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was like maid like master;" for there is truth in by-words."

William Johnson blushed purple. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances—trusted to deeds, not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.

"Who doubts it, cousin? Who doubts it?" said the scholar.

Margaret thanked him graciously, but determined to go just now; said she wanted to hear the minstrels again. In about a quarter of an hour Johnson renewed his proposal, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real reason came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend; and he will lose us. He knows not where we lodge in Rotterdam, and the city is large, and we have part company once already."

"Oh!" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man, a hen! I mean my secretary, shall sit here and wait, and bring him on to my house, he shall lodge with me and with no other."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, may, you shall see whether you are welcome or not—you and your friends, and your friends' friends if need be; and I shall hear what the Princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her, then she had a slight misgiving.

"But if your young man should be thoughtless, and go play, and Gerard miss him?"

"He go play? He leave the spot where I put him, and bid him stay? No! Stand forth, Hans Clooterman."

A figure clad in black serge and dark violet hose get up, and took two steps and stood before them without moving a muscle; a sombre, precise young man, the very statue of gravity and starched propriety. At his aspect Margaret, being very happy, could hardly keep her countenance. But she whispered to Johnson,

"I would put my hand in the fire for him! We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Ooster Waagen Street. He replied, not in words, but by calmly taking the seat indicated, and Margaret, Peter, and William Johnson went with the latter.

"And, indeed, it is time you were abed, father, after all your travel," said Margaret. This had been in her mind all along.

Hans Clooterman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and business-like. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnson did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary leaving his post, or neglecting his duty, in pursuit of sport, or out of youthful hilarity and frivolity.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans—his employer's eye being no longer on him—"tandem custode remoto," improved the time by quaffing solemnly, silently, and at short but accurately measured intervals, goblets of Corsican wine. The wine was strong, so was Clooterman's head; and it was not until Gerard had been gone a good hour that the model secretary had included the notion that creation expected of Clooterman to drink the health of all good fellows, and "nomination" of the Duke of Burgundy there present. With this view, he filled bumper nine, and rose gingerly but solemnly and slowly. Having reached his full height, he instantly laid upon the grass goblet in hand, spilling the cold liquor on many an ankle, but not disturbing a muscle in his own long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, primness, and infallibility.

CHAPTER V.

The seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of a pavilion, where some young noblemen, embroidered and feathered, sat smoking, guarding the hair apparent, and playing cards by the red light of torches their servants held. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the

pavilion. He presently returned, and, bussing the pale, led them through a passage or two and landed them in an ante-chamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, torred, and embroidered like pieces of fancy work, and deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the Princess—it is too late," said one.

Another followed suit:

"She passed this way, but now with her name. She is gone to bed, doll and all—dinner again!"

Gerard proposed to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied:

"The young man is here by the Countess's orders; so good as to conduct him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and led Gerard into a room where sat or lolloped eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cat's-cradle with fingers as nimble as their tongues. At the sight of a stranger all the tongues stopped like one piece of complicated machinery, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had turned the eyes on. Gerard was ill at ease before, but this battery of eyes discomfited him, and down went his eyes on the ground. Then the cowards fledding, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frog into the water, that there was a creature they could frighten, giggled and enjoyed their prowess. Then a damsels said, severely:

"Madame! you are mistaken."

"I don't know that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle pronounced your character so bold."

"Alas, mamma!" said the Princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eye-brows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the Countess, "I have a mind to turn and run out of the place."

"What must Princess be?" he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing. Of course they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the damsels suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. The ladies were richly but not showily dressed, and the damsels went up to the one who was humming a kerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned towards Gerard, with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning towards him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margareta Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, sir, for bringing it to me safely. Maria, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty miniature."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel obliged to him, sweetheart, for our friend wishes us to do him a little service in return."

"I will do anything on earth for him," replied the young lady, with ardor.

"Anything on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess of Charolais, quietly.

"Well, then, I will—What would you have me to do, sir?"

Gerard had just found out what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently and a little tremulously, "where there have been no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey mamma. All the world must obey mamma."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, if you will, by letting me hear the story you are going to sing and I interrupted it."

"What, you love music, sir?"

"I adore it."

The little Princess looked inquiringly at her mother, and received a smile of assent. She then took her lute and sang a romance of the day. Although but twelve years old, she was a well-taught and pains-taking musician. Her little claw swept the chords with courage and precision, and struck out the notes of the arpeggio clear and distinct, and bright like twinkling stars, but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was round, clear, full, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even sentimental, so nothing was forced—all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature. The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions—those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though every jackal in India delivers them gratis to his customers all night, and sometimes gets shot for them, and always deserves it—so there were no cadences and fortissi. The title, tinkle, and feeble expletives of song, the trite, turgid, and feeble quench fire, wash out color, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled with tears. The Countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the Princess loudly, but not with cheek and eye. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked demurely, "Was he satisfied?"

Gerard gave a little start: the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth. "Oh, madam!" he cried, "surely it is thus that cherub and seraph sing and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the Countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gentle pride upon her girl: a heavenly look, such as they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The Countess resumed:

"My old friend requests me to be servicable to you. It is the first favor she has done to the honor of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, sir?"

Gerard bowed.

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"Oh, no, madam! I am not even a sub-dean. I am only a boster; but next month I shall be an exorcist; and before long an archy."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accom-

plishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass, I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"Oh, madam!"

"And, Marie, remember I make this promise in your name as well as my own."

"Fear not, mamma: I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop of Liege. The Bishop of Liege is a benevolent bishop. What don't you remember him, mamma, that day we were at Liege? He was braver than grandpa himself. He had on a crown—a high one, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full of oh! such beautiful jewels; and his gown stiff with gold; and his manteau, too; and it had a broad border, all pictures: but, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mamma. They were embroidered and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelt them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with them. Dear old man! I dare say he will die soon—most old people do—and then, sir, you can be Bishop, you know, and where?"

"Gently, Marie, gently: bishops are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mamma! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good business, dear mamma; and I am sure he is good enough for a bishop."

"Alas, mamma!" said the Princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eye-brows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the Countess, "I have a mind to turn and run out of the place."

"What must Princess be?" he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing. Of course they take their breeding from him they serve."

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NEWS ITEMS.

"POISON."—A couple of females at Cayuga, Canada West, went into the forest to cut material for hoops, being resolved to keep up with the prevailing fashion. They selected the stem of the "poison ivy," and after wearing the hoop a few days, were so dangerously affected as to require medical treatment.

A most extraordinary affair occurred in Jasper county, Indiana, last week. An old man named William Hawkins, aged seventy, married an old lady of almost the same age, named Anna Mead. Twenty-seven years before they were man and wife, with a family of five children. Becoming dissatisfied at the time, they separated, and, hearing nothing of each other for years, both married again. But both being left alone, after the death of their partners, and coming together thus late in life, they concluded to travel the little journey that was left, together. So extraordinary a case we do not remember ever to have heard before.

The frozen well at Brandon, Vt., has attracted crowds of savans to that place this season. Scientific persons in that vicinity ascribe the phenomena to an iceberg, and that originally at some remote period in the long past that America was the head of the sea. This hypothesis is sustained by the fact that several years ago, in building a railroad between Claremont and White River Junction, the terminus of the Sullivan Railroad, the body of an arctic whale was found in one of the highest points of land. All the time near the well is frozen at a depth of a few feet below the surface. An interesting scientific report on the subject is understood to be forthcoming.

A young French soldier writes to his mother, from California:—"Dear mother, I am safe, living and lively; but I am not quite complete. The surgeon of the army has cut off one of my legs. I have been used to having the leg by me, and the parting was cruel. Do not weep, dear mother, but rejoice rather for me, for I will return now, not to leave you again. I will always be, now, part of your little card party, thanks to the wooden leg."

FRUITFUL ECLIPSE ON SUN.—On Friday, the 29th inst., there was a partial eclipse of the sun, visible as follows:—Beginning at 10 minutes past 5, P. M.; greatest obscuration, 42 minutes past 5; end of eclipse, 21 minutes past 6; duration, 1 hour and 11 minutes; ligula eclipsed, 3 on the northern side of the sun's disc.

AN ANCIENT CITY ON THE PACIFIC.—The New Orleans Picayune says that the American surveyors of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in their explorations on the Pacific Coast, discovered the ruins of an ancient city within a few miles of the sea. The surveying party brought back a large number of terra-cotta idols, musical instruments, silver rings, *lapis lazuli*, &c., all of which indicate an advanced condition of civilization among the aboriginal people of Mexico.

A FEMALE SICKNESS.—The wife of a broker, in Columbus, Ohio, having cause to suspect the fidelity of her husband, repaired, a few days ago, to the house of a woman whom she believed to be the recipient of his attentions, and exclaiming, "You have dishonored my bed!" attacked her with a knife, inflicting several severe wounds. The woman finally rallied, however, and succeeded in ejecting her assailant.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MERCANTILE LIFE.—Some weeks since the failure of a Boston merchant was announced, and a recent statement of the condition of his affairs shows his total debts to be in the neighborhood of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, with assets to the extent of about forty thousand dollars. The merchant claims that he was worth, on the 1st day of January, 1857, clear of all incumbrances, the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

PREMIUMS ON WHEAT.—The Board of Trade of Chicago, Illinois, have resolved that they will pay, at the Fair, of the United States Agricultural Society, in that city, next September, \$2 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of spring wheat, \$2.25 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of red winter wheat, and \$2.50 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of white winter wheat. Their object is to distribute the wheat so bought, for seed, during the ensuing fall and next spring.

THE REV. MR. VOX, Episcopal chaplain of the army at Fort Laramie, had preached in the famous Mormon Tabernacle, and Bishop Kimball and Young delivered addresses at the close of the discourse. "Everything was pleasant and harmonious."

MR. BUCHANAN DECLINES A NOMINATION.—The Gazette of Bedford—at which place the President is now staying—and the Harrisburg Patriot are both authorized to emphatically declare that Mr. Buchanan is not a candidate for re-election, and would not consent, under any combination of circumstances, to become such.

AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING of the M. E. Church at Winchendon, Ill., the sacrament was administered—*antimissional wine* being used by mistake. The result was a general sickness of stomach. Mr. Peter Cartwright, presiding elder, said "it was the first time he ever knew an attempt to turn the devil out of the church."

CHOICE OF MODES.—The following singular provision may be found at page 206 of the Revised Statutes of Utah:—"Whenever any person shall be convicted of any crime, the punishment of whom, according to the provisions of this act, is sentence of death, said person shall suffer death by being shot, hung or beheaded, as the Court may direct, or the person so condemned shall have his option as to the manner of his execution."

GIDEON W. MATELLI, late chief of police of New York, is about to publish a dictionary of the rogue's dialect, the words employed by thieves, burglars, stock jobbers, and other depredators upon property. A large proportion of the words are from the Gipsy dialect, with a mixture of Hebrew and Sanscrit. So far as is known, the roguish language, that Mr. Matelli declares that two thieves of different countries, perfectly ignorant of each other's vernacular, are able to converse intelligibly by using this divided tongue.

SUPERIOR IT CANNOT BE DONE.—A railroad engineer at Harrington, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the Superintendent sternly, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be reinstated." "How so?" "Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied: I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.

INCOMES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are forty persons in England who have incomes of £250,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand. In Ireland, there is but one person who has an income of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty-one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty-four from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—The following is said to be effective:—These vermin are easily destroyed, simply by cutting up green cucumbers and placing them about where the insects commit depredations. What is cut from the cucumber is to prepare them for the table. The pieces are scattered all the insects will drop to the ground.

THE LEATHER MAN.—This man, who thrust knives and awls so recklessly in his flesh in Kentucky, has been subjected to an examination in Cincinnati, in the presence of medical and newspaper men. His secret was at once discovered. The Gazette says:

"Our readers have seen ladies with jeweled in their ears, and most are familiar with the process of piercing the ear to admit the introduction of the 'ring' or 'drop.' The hole is made in the ear with an awl or bodkin, and in the hole so made a bit of silk or thread is worn. This prevents the wound from wholly closing. The surface of the puncture becomes calcified, as the physicians say, and the hole is a permanent. Through this, of course, an earing may be put in and no pain caused."

INCOMES IN ENGLAND.—There are forty persons in England who have incomes of £250,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

JULY 30.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour has advanced \$3. Sales of St. at \$4.66@4.90, Ohio \$5.15 @5.60; Southern \$5.50@5.75. Corn has advanced and is scarce; \$600 has sold at an advance 2@3c; red 13c; white 13c@15c. Corn has a declining tendency, new mixed 80c; white and yellow 80c. Peas heavy at 30c@40c. Pork dull—Mess \$15.25. Prime \$10.75@11. Hard steady at 10c@10c. Whiskey dull at 26c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Post Office, H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y. ROSS'S TOURNEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y. FEDERER & CO., Boston, Mass. HUNTER & CO., Pittsburgh. J. W. PEASE & CO., Cincinnati. O. MCNALLY & CO., Chicago. J. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville. E. HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville. E. SEMON, Richmond, Va. J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans. E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodicals can be secured throughout the United States have it for sale.

SUNDAY BARDS IN THE LONGEST PARKS.—The London Star of July 13th, says:—"Large audiences continue to testify their approval of the bands chosen by the committee this season; brass instruments only being found powerful enough to fill so vast an area of persons. The numbers computed in the Report of the Park were upwards of 8,000, the programme containing selections from the best masters, interspersed with national melodies, the first part concluding with 'Rule Britannia,' and the second with the national anthem. The hope of the committee to make the bands self-supporting have, it is said, this season been realized, and the continued success placed beyond doubt. During this season's performances, dignitaries of the church, metropolitan magistrates and other influential gentlemen have witnessed the good order which is so marked a characteristic of these Sunday evenings of the people, that not a single case for the interference of the police has occurred from the commencement, the park and bakers have been within the range of these figures. Rye flour has declined 42c@45c bushel; small dull; 300 bushel bags sold at \$3.75 @3.87. Corn Meal is also very dull; 300 bushel bags sold at \$3.75 @3.87.

GRAIN.—Supplies of new Wheat are coming forward more freely, but the demand is quite moderate, and we again reduce our quotations.

The sale comprise 7000 bushels at \$5.50@5.60 for old stock Western extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock Eastern extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock Western; \$4.50@4.60 for Bradysite; \$4.50@4.60 for extra; and \$4.50@4.60 for Diamond Mills extra, and 1000 bushels of corn on private terms. The sales to the retail

agents have been within the range of those figures. Rye flour has declined 42c@45c bushel; small dull; 300 bushel bags sold at \$3.75 @3.87.

WHEAT.—The papers generally are copying a paragraph from the Cleveland Democrat, to the effect that sixteen fugitive slaves, who had escaped to Canada, had arrived at that city on their way back to slavery, preferring that to freedom. The whole story is a canard. The Cleveland Plaindealer, a Democratic paper, made inquiries of the captain who brought these sixteen negroes from Canada, and learned from him that they were all free-born. Five of them went to Oberlin; four remain in Cleveland; one came to Pittsburg, and the others with a relative, a free negro, to reside with him on the borders of Kentucky.

CANADA.—The papers generally are copying a paragraph from the Cleveland Democrat, to the effect that sixteen fugitive slaves, who had escaped to Canada, had arrived at that city on their way back to slavery, preferring that to freedom. The whole story is a canard. The Cleveland Plaindealer, a Democratic paper, made inquiries of the captain who brought these sixteen negroes from Canada, and learned from him that they were all free-born. Five of them went to Oberlin; four remain in Cleveland; one came to Pittsburg, and the others with a relative, a free negro, to reside with him on the borders of Kentucky.

EXPLOSION OF A GRAND SWINDLE IN NEW YORK.—The sun, visible as follows:—Beginning at 10 minutes past 5, P. M.; greatest obscuration, 42 minutes past 5; end of eclipse, 21 minutes past 6; duration, 1 hour and 11 minutes; ligula eclipsed, 3 on the northern side of the sun's disc.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts of flour, although somewhat in excess of last week, continue comparatively small. The market, however, has been dull, there being little or no shipping demand, except for fresh ground made from wheat, and prices have again declined.

The sales comprise 7000 bushels at \$5.50@5.60 for old stock Western extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock Eastern extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock extra; \$4.50@4.60 for old stock Western; \$4.50@4.60 for Bradysite; \$4.50@4.60 for extra; and \$4.50@4.60 for Diamond Mills extra, and 1000 bushels of corn on private terms.

The sales to the retail agents have been within the range of those figures.

RYE FLOUR.—The sales to the retail agents have been within the range of those figures.

WHEAT.—The sales to the retail agents have been within the range of those figures.

CORN.—The sales to the retail agents have been within the range of those figures.

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Wit and Humor

A TEMPERANCE ARKHOOT.—"A few years ago, when the Order of the Sons of Temperance overran the land, my friend Jim O'Wright found himself a citizen of Kentucky, whether he had wandered from Virginia. Jim was a 'character,' had great versatility of talent, and was without an excellent, jolly fellow, and prime bottle companion. Jim contracted the Temperance mania naturally and with great enthusiasm; so much so, that he soon became a conspicuous and shining light in the 'Order.' From a popular lecturer Jim soon rose to the dignity of G. W. P. of the State Division. In due time after this hoist in his Jim was called to preside over the Division of the City of L., and was 'on hand,' in all the glory of tiered regalia, with a chosen list of congenials about him. At his hotel Jim kept 'open house' to the invited, albeit his hospitality was not conducted upon strictly Temperance principles; and I am afraid much of poor Jim's eloquence and fervor were drawn from divers 'big bellied bottles,' whose rubicund visages were kept modestly concealed by the drapery of his bed."

"The hour for the meeting of the Division arrived. Jim presents himself at the door of the Division room, and gives the usual 'signal.' Back flies the sliding panel, and the space is filled with the head of the 'inside sentinel,' a squat, curly-headed Irishman. Jim gives the pass-word, and stalks in. Business begins, proceeds, and ends, Jim presiding with great dignity. Pat, meantime, has scarcely removed his gaze from Jim's face, but devours him with a gaze in which awe and mirth are strangely mingled. Presently Pat approaches the great man, and timidly speaks his name.

"Sir," said he, "an' ye're Misster O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Kentucky, I do be affer blamin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell ye the thruth, thin, Sir, an' shame the divil," said Pat, "ye do havin' the right pass word, Sir, for a Son of Temperance entirely; but by the Howly Virgin, an' the blessed Saint Patherick, yer got the wrong ackhoff!"

DANGERS OF LEGAL MEDIOSITY.—Legal authorities were not used, and very lightly esteemed in "the West," a few years ago. Dan Wilson, who resides not many miles on the sunset side of the Father of Waters, was a sharp lawyer, more noted for wit than wisdom, for tongue than talent. He was trying a case before a justice of the peace, and the opposing council had cited "Greenleaf on Evidence" as decidedly against him that a bold push must be made, or all was lost for him and his client. Squire Wells sat down after making the quotation, satisfied that the justice would do justice in the premises. Dan asked him for the book, opened it, rose, and, with a look of solemn surprise, said he was amazed that so good a lawyer as Mr. Wells should bring such a book as that into court. "Why," said he, "the author himself never thought of its being used for authority in any case. Just hear what he says in the preface: 'Doubtless a happy selection of these principles might be made, and the work might have been much better executed, by another hand. For, now it is finished, I find it but an approximation toward what was originally desired. But in the hope that it may still be found not useless as the germ of a better treatise, it is submitted to the editor of a liberal profession.' Now an author who admits that his work is as bad as this, certainly never expected to be brought into court to govern the opinions of a gentleman who has sat on the bench, as your honor has, for eighteen months."

The justice was perfectly satisfied. He ruled the "authority" out of account whatever, and gave his judgment for Dan and his client.

Squire Wells says it is the first time a lawyer ever spoiled his book or his cause by his modesty.

HAD A CALL.—Our city was for some years enlightened by the presence of a young minister who meant exceedingly well, and did pretty well. A congregation in a Western city learning of his fame, and having no shepherd, invited this our Mr. X.—to assume the vacant crook, deputing to carry their offer a much respected deacon, commonly called, in abbreviation of his first name, Epaphras, "Uncle Rufus." Uncle Rufus came, told his errand, and caused a church meeting to be held that he might lay the case of his own distant church before it. The pathetic appeal with which he opened his business was this:

"My brethren, I have come from a long distance to lay before you the condition of our church in the wilderness. We read in Holy Writ that, upon a certain occasion, our Lord directed two of His disciples to go into a certain village, saying unto them, 'Straightway ye shall find an ass tied; loose him, and bring him unto Me.' My brethren, among you we have found the ass tied. Permit me to loose him, and lead him away. And if you ask, as of old, why I do it in like manner I answer: The Lord hath need of him."

They let Uncle Rufus untie the ass, and lead him away.

TAKING COOKS.—A few days since a friend of mine walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly.

"Why, my boy," said she to the young tormenter, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?"

"Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral."

NOT.—A friend reports the following as an actual occurrence: "An accident took place lately on one of the railroads by the axis of the tender giving way and obstructing the road for some hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger the cause of the delay; he gravely replied, 'Madame, it was occasioned by what is often attended by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking off of a tender attachment.' The lady looked serious and was silent."

Don't Germans Anger a Woman.—"What is your name, sir?" asked Colonel —— of his orderly one day, after having made up his mind to take a drive.

"John Edward Belsey, sir." Belsey was always precise, trickily so, and when asked by the colonel for his name, he could no more have omitted the pronoun than gone to paradise without his driver.

"G, then, John Edward Belsey," rejoined the colonel, quite as precise as his orderly, "and tell my groom to put the horse in the gig immediately."

Saluting the colonel in true military form, Belsey ran to the stable, thinking, as he was going, how impossible it was to execute the order, unless the colonel, in the greatness of his soul, intended to have the horse with a ride and man the shaft himself. However, as he considered this could not really be the colonel's intention, he took on himself the discretion of making the necessary correction; and, accordingly, directed the groom to put the horse in the gig.

"Very well," said the groom; and Belsey returned to the colonel, who, as was his custom, questioned him to see that his order had been properly conveyed.

"Have you seen the groom, private John Edward Belsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you tell him to do?"

"Put the horse in the gig, sir," replied the orderly, throwing a little force on the proposition.

"You stupid fellow," roared the colonel, plucking his whisker, "did I not tell you to put the horse in the gig?"

"Yes, sir; but as that did not seem to me to be your wish, I thought you would not disapprove of my giving the spirit instead of the letter of your order."

"Why did you think so, sir?"

Belsey hesitated.

"Why did you not tell the groom to put the horse in the gig?"

"Because there wouldn't be room left for you, sir."

It was a wonder the colonel did not jump down his throat. *Romance of the Roads.*

Agricultural.

HORN-ALL OR HOLLOW HORN.

You will excuse me for the liberty I take in calling your attention to one of "A Bundle of Receipts," for the sake of entering my protest against the ignorance and barbarity exhibited in the "Curse for Horn-All, or Hollow Horn." The writer says:—"If the hair of the end of the tail is in rolls or curls, cut off one inch of the ears" of a spaniel, because the hair curls upon them. "Then turn the animal's head on one side, and pour boiling water upon the lower horn till he dodges, and then take the other horn. By this time the animal will sweat." And I should think the operator would, from some at having mutilated and tormented an animal already suffering from fever, or in perfect health, but doomed to distress, because it has one lock of curly hair; unless, indeed, he had the authority of the usually correct "Country Gentleman," for such a barbarous course of treatment; and as the case stands at present, he could certainly put in that plea in justification. I know that in the hurry of making up a paper, many things will be published that should have been thrown into the waste basket, but I was surprised to see the "Gentleman" lending its voice and influence to extend and perpetuate such thoroughly bad quackery and cruelty, as that exhibited in the above article. I would as soon knock off the horn, or slit the ear of a favorite animal, as to "cut off one inch of the tail," and should have as good physiological reasons for so doing. The disfigurement in either case would be about equal, but the inconvenience which the animal would suffer from the loss of the long silky brush so kindly furnished by nature, especially in "fly time," would be immeasurably greater.

"Horn-All" or "Hollow Horn," is an absurd misnomer for an imaginary disease in many cases, and for a symptom of fever in others. Many a farmer has reluctantly "cut off one inch" or more from the tail of a beautiful animal, when it was turned out to pasture, under the erroneous impression that it would do better, "for the hair hung incurls," although the animal was in perfect health and good condition, and needed no remedy of any kind. In fever, the degree of arterial excitement is estimated in part by the heat at the base of the horn, which is very thin, and covers the most vascular bone in the animal, thereby displaying symptoms of great value to those capable of appreciating them.

But even in fever there can never be the slightest occasion for "cutting off one inch of the tail," nor for pouring boiling water upon the horns of a suffering animal until he "sweats." A cathartic of Epsom or Glauber salts, sulphur or linseed oil, combined with ginger, red pepper, or any stimulant aromatic, will do all the good and much more, than the slight bleeding from the cut can do, and not leave the animal to thump its sides the remainder of its life with a mutilated stump, a living monument that all the darkness of the dark ages has not yet passed away.

We hope that I may be the means, in a single case, of preserving intact one of the beauties of the bovine race, to the unfortunate animal suffering from "Horn-All," or "Tail Sickness," is the only apology that I can offer for this communication.—Cor. of Country Gentleman.

TO REMOVE FILMS.—Having seen a number of instances for taking a film from horses' or cattle's eyes, I'll give the method that I have practiced for years, without failing in a single instance. Take a piece of fresh butter, the size of a common walnut, and put it in the opposite ear—that is, if left eye, put in right ear; if the butter is hard, hold the ear with your hand for a short time, until it melts and runs into their head; in most cases one application is all that is necessary. If you have not got the butter, hog's lard will answer.—Country Gentleman.



CRUEL JOKE AT A FETE.

HORRID BOY (TO HIS COUSIN).—I say, Rose! Wasn't that Major De Vere who just left you?"

"Rose?"

HORRID BOY.—"Ah, then, I think he might as well have told you what a tremendous black smudge you've got on your nose!"

N. B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.

In many parts of the country, one of the most serious and vexatious obstacles to raising sheep successfully is the prevalence of dogs with sheep-killing propensities. Having had some experience in dealing with these rascally animals, I send a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may be suffering from the same cause. First, let me say, every one owning a dog, should take care that there is no guilt at his own door.

Dogs are sometimes known to leave their master's flock unmolested, and are seen returning from apparently distant excursions, with an air that would seem to say "Ask me no questions." A suspected dog may sometimes be detected by examining his mouth on such an occasion. If he has not picked his teeth clean, small bits of wool may be found between them, and he may safely be pronounced guilty. If such a dog be tied to a stake in an enclosure, and a vicious, well-born ram turned in, he will soon give the dog a striking lesson on sheep-killing, which he will not easily forget. One lesson of this kind will cause a dog to live after give a wide berth to the flock of sheep.

If a strange dog can be caught in the act, it is probably safe to bring a well-aimed rifle to bear upon him without waiting to inquire to whom he belongs; this may be ascertained afterwards, and his owner held responsible. When dogs have made a foray upon a flock, they usually return to the scene of operations within a few nights. A pretty sure trap for them can be made by building a pen of rails, five or six feet high, around a recently killed carcass, bringing each layer of rails nearer the centre as it is put up, so that the sides of the pen will slope inward. The dog can enter from the top quite easily, but cannot well get out, having no room to run for a clear leap over. A little strichine scattered over the fresh carcass, will prevent the dog that may eat it from any further mischief; he will seldom get far away before lying down to rest.

The curs which trouble flocks, are usually great cowards, especially when out on such an errand, and are easily frightened away by any unusual noise. If a small bell be hung on every fifth sheep there will be little danger of an attack. I know several farmers living in districts which have suffered severely from the ravages of dogs, who have adopted this simple expedient, and have never lost a sheep.—American Agriculturalist.

WASH TO DESTROY INSECTS.—In the Journal of the Horticultural Society of Paris, it is stated that an excellent wash for destroying insects is made by boiling 12 pints of water, 62 grains of red American potash, and the same number of sulphur, and the same of soap. If it is necessary to make it stronger, double the quantity of sulphur and of potash, leaving the soap the same. Immersion for a second kills ants, large caterpillars, and cockchafer grubs. The solution does no harm to plants. This is important, if true, and it can be easily tested. The large white grub of the cockchafer, or as it is commonly called here, the *May Bug*, has been doing a good deal of mischief the last two or three years, particularly to strawberry beds, by destroying the roots. Specimens have been sent us from various sources this summer, and we have heard much complaint and seen many beds almost ruined. The potatoes, too, they have attacked most voraciously. Last summer we assisted in killing about twenty in one hill of potatoes, the tubers being almost entirely eaten up by them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HEAD THE RUNNING VINES.—Some of the squashes, melons, and cucumbers, are now pushing ahead as though bent on outdoing each other in the space they cover: but they show little fruit. Nip the ends and you force them into bearing. This may need a repetition in the course of a week or two. We have sown larger melons, squashes, etc., and more of them by this heading back. Beds of cucumbers, melons, and squashes may be kept in regular form (and the appearance of the whole garden be improved) by frequently pinching or cutting off the straggling vines.—American Agriculturalist.

HOW TO GROW LARGES POTATOES.—The North British Agriculturist says:

"To improve the size of potatoes, whether planted with small or large, whole, or even cut potatoes, when the plants are only a few inches high, let the shoots be reduced by pulling them up to one or two, or at most three of the strongest. The tubers will, consequently, be fewer and very much larger, also in measure nearly all fit for the market and the table. Every grower will do well to try a few rows by way of experiment, if he disbelieves the truth of this statement."

TOE AND LOSE ON SHEEP AND CATTLE.—Open the wool on the back of the sheep, from the head to the hips, and strew in a teaspoonful of yellow snuff, mostly on the neck and shoulders. This treatment has proved effectual with me, in removing ticks from sheep, and it is easier and safer than washing with a solution of tobacco. For lice on cattle, mix yellow snuff with lamp oil, and rub on where they will not lick it. I have known several calves killed by washing them in strong tobacco water.—*Country Gentleman.*

GRASSES FOR PASTURES.—Timothy alone, or Timothy red-top and blue-grass, will make a permanent meadow, which will produce heavy crops of good hay for many years, if well treated. So orchard-grass alone, or orchard-grass and red clover, will make a good, permanent meadow, with reference to the product of which no reasonable man will have cause to complain, unless he feeds it off too close the first year, and suffers it to be abused subsequently. But for good permanent pasture, many grasses are wanted. Yet in one section of our State, we find land laid down to blue-grass; in another section to Timothy; in a third, to orchard-grass and red clover combined. Rarely do we find more than two or three grasses growing in the same pasture; yet not less than one hundred species have been described by botanists as growing spontaneously in the great Mississippi valley.

In England, as many as twenty-two species of grass have been found growing upon a square root of ancestral pasture, that had been grazed unremittingly through many generations. And English pastures wear well, producing food for a long period, from very early in the spring to very late in the fall. Why? Simply because, instead of being confined to one or two grasses that start about the same time in the season, and mature about the same time, as in the American custom, they seed down the lands intended to remain for a series of years in pasture, with all the varieties that will grow upon them, and thus secure a regular succession of succulent and nutritious food the season through.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

STING OF INSECTS.—There are many cures for stings, but very frequently they are not on hand when wanted. Every housewife has in her garden a superior remedy, which should be known by all. Take a portion of onion, either top or root; bruise, and apply for a few minutes to the wound. If applied immediately, it prevents future soreness and inflammation, as well as gives immediate relief.

SALT AS A MANURE FOR THE PEACH TREE.—A correspondent of the Cottage Gardener says, to prevent a tree from dropping its fruit he had recourse to salt. He sprinkled the soil with a good coat of salt-sweepings, which he bought at 6d. per hundred weight. He then washed it in clean water, and, in a few days after, gave the tree some strong soap suds. He repeated the dose of salt three times, and ended his treatment with a cool drink in the morning.

LET READERS TRY.—Having seen the article at the head of this column, I will add that the author of the "Gentleman" article, in his desire to keep the tree from dropping its fruit, has done a great service to the reader. The author of the article, however, has done a great disservice to the tree, and to the reader, by giving the wrong advice. The author of the article, however, has done a great disservice to the tree, and to the reader, by giving the wrong advice.

CURE CAKES.—A recipe for these, said to have originated at the "Galt House," Louisville, Ky., has gone the rounds pretty extensively, and received frequent commendation. We have not had it tested, but give it for trial: Take butter and lard, of each a piece about the size of an egg, and melt well in 1 pint of Indian meal. Add sufficient boiling water to scald it, and afterward put in 3 eggs well beaten, and thin with sweet milk. Cook on a griddle, like buckwheat cakes, and serve up hot.

TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.—It is said that a small quantity of cassia bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the worms.

TONIC HONEY.—A. J. Gunnell, Rock Island Co., Ill., sends the following recipe, which he says is a very good substitute for honey: Cut a sound ripe tomato in slices and express the juice through a cloth. To each pint of the liquid add one pint of sugar, and boil the whole until of the consistency of honey, removing the scum as it rises. It may be flavored with lemon or other extracts to suit the taste. The writer has tasted a very fine preparation of this kind, made from the European winter cherry or ground tomato, (*Physalis alkekengi*), which was an excellent source for bland mange, puddings, etc.

SCRABBLE HILL, PA.—GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.—
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1st is in the grain, but not in the wheat;
My 2d is in the pig, but not in the meat;
My 3d is in the grape, but not in the vine;
My 4th is in the juice, but not in the wine;
My 5th is in the oak, but not in the tree;
My 6th is in the mountain, but not in the sea;
My 7th is in the ocean, but not in the bay;
My 8th is in the grass, but not in the hay.
My whole is a name in THE POST you oft see.
Now pray, my dear reader, can you tell it to me?

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 2d, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71,